WOUNDED

Maryland Rare
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1864

Wounded.

REV. WILLIAM E. MILLER.

Let me lie down,
Just here in the shade of this cannon-torn tree.
Here, low on the trampled grass, where I may see
The surge of the combat; and where I may hear
The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer:
Let me lie down.

Oh, it was grand!
Like the tempest we charged, in the triumph to share;
The Tempest—its fury and thunder were there.
On, on, o'er intrenchments, o'er living and dead,
With the foe under foot and our flag overhead:
Oh, it was grand!

Weary and faint,
Prone on the soldier's couch, ah, how can I rest.
With this shot-shattered head and sabre-pierced breast?
Comrades, at roll-call, when I shall be sought,
Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,
Wounded and faint.

Oh, that last charge!
Right through the dread hell fire of shrapnel and shell—
Through, without falt'ring—clear through with a yell.
Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,
Like heroes we dashed at the mandate of Doom!
Oh, that last charge!

It was duty!
Some things are worthless, and some others so good,
That nations who buy them pay only in blood.
For Freedom and Union each man owes his part,
And here I pay my share all warm from my heart:
It is duty!

Dying at last!
My mother, dear mother! with meek, tearful eye,
Farewell! and God bless you, forever and aye!
Oh, that I now lay on your pillowing breast,
To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first prest:
Dying at last!

I am no saint,
But boys, say a prayer. There's one that begins:
"Our Father," and then says "Forgive us our sins;"
Don't forget that part, say that strongly, and then
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say, Amen!
Ah, I'm no saint!

Hark!—there's a shout!
Raise me up, comrades! We have conquered, I know!—
Up, up on my feet, with my face to the foe!
Ah, there flies the Flag, with its Star Spangles bright,
The promise of Glory, the symbol of Right!
Well may they shout!

I'm mustered out!
O God of our fathers, our freedom prolong,
And tread down rebellion, oppression, and wrong!
O land of earth's hope, on thy blood-reddened sod
I die for the Nation, the Union, and God!
I'm mustered out.

Maryland State Fair

FOR THE

U. S. Sanitary Commission,

BALTIMORE, APRIL 18, 1864.

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